

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Brave flashing gun and sabre stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echoes from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Would his work ear, richer mood,
When brought before the King of Kings,
Were he but great in little things?
—*Treasure Trove.*

STORY TELLER.

THE ROBBERY AT THE HALL.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"The prospect of parting makes me sad," he replied.

"Surely you are not going to leave us?" I asked.

"I am only too happy where I am," he said; "but I have a presentiment that we shall be parted soon."

"Then we will meet again at Stonnor Hall," I rejoined gayly.

Oddly enough, it happened as he predicted; for at Oban I found letters that called me home: one from India telling me that my niece had sailed for England and was coming to the Hall—the trouble consequent on the death of her child, some two or three years old, had so preyed upon her health that her husband had packed her off by the first steamer; and the other from my brother, saying that she had arrived, and offering to come and finish the cruise with his son. I set off at once—arranging that my brother should join the yacht at Oban, and that Hansen should then come and pay a visit to Stonnor Hall.

I found that the young wife had picked up her health and spirits during the voyage, but that she might have a cheerful companion, I asked Mrs. Randall Rawson and her husband to spend a few days with us.

Mrs. Rawson was a brisk, busy lady, who would manage everything and everybody in the county if she could. She had a formidable array of domestic virtues; had the reputation of being very strong-minded, but withal was a most nervous woman, hiding it well, however, under a loud sort of bluster.

Another peculiarity was her absurd jealousy of her husband. Poor Rawson himself was one of the meekest and mildest of men. He was known at school as Pink Rawson, and now he was married and the father of a large young family, he was pinker and milder than ever. His life was made a burden to him from this ridiculous jealousy. Even his periodic visits to his mother to live in London were looked upon with distaste. She always accompanied him if she could, and frequently, to my knowledge, made herself excessively disagreeable. I never shall forget a walk we had together. I don't think it is quite the correct thing to walk through the London streets, but there was no help for it on the occasion, our horses having met with some accident in Regent Street, and walk we must to a cab-stand. But the walk! Gracious me, we couldn't look across the road! It was, "Rawson, who are you looking at?" "Pray don't stare so!" "Can we not go into a shop?" "Mr. Stonnor, be kind enough to call a cab!" and call a cab I did at last, with great satisfaction.

A remarkable occurrence took place at the Hall shortly after they arrived. We had all met in the drawing-room after dinner. My brother was dozing in an arm-chair. Mrs. Rawson was reading a novel, my niece was at the piano, and Rawson would have been turning over the leaves had his wife's eye not been on him.

Suddenly the door opened, and my brother, Thomas (a most exemplary person), came up to my chair with a startled sort of look and desired to speak to me. When we got outside he told me that one of the housemaids was in hysterics, having seen a ghost on the lawn. It was bright moonlight, and while the girl was closing some shutters her attention was attracted by a moaning. On looking out she saw the figure of a young lady gazing up at one of the windows and wringing her hands. Thomas, who ran to her assistance when she screamed, said also that he distinctly saw the figure disappearing in the shrubs.

"Where is the girl?" whispered a voice close to us, and there was Mrs. Rawson, looking very white. She had followed us out of feminine curiosity.

"Take me to this girl," she said loudly. "I'll soon take the nonsense out of her!"

However, notwithstanding cold water, sal volatile, and abundant scolding, the girl stuck to her statement. She gave the most circumstantial account of it.

The figure was dressed in white, had black hair, looked very sad, would stare up at a particular window, then wring her hands and moan. The window she described was that which belong to the haunted chamber. My brother scoured the shrubberies without avail.

Then we talked away about poor Lettice's sad story, till the two ladies went to bed in considerable perturbation.

Nothing occurred the following night, but on the next Thomas knocked at my dressing-room door as I was going to bed. "For Heaven's sake, come here, sir," he cried. I hurried after him. "Look there!" he said, pointing out of the corridor window. There, sure enough, on the lawn, in the bright moonlight, was the figure the girl had described. I could see it with painful distinctness. It was like in face, figure, and dress to Scheffer's picture of Mignon regretting a patrie, that hung in my nephew's room. It would look up at the haunted room, then clasp its hands and moan. When I turned to speak to Thomas, I was confronted by another white figure. It was that of Mrs. Randall Rawson, who, having heard the disturbance, had followed us in dishabille. "What is all this about?" she said in spenlchral tones. For answer I pointed to the figure. "Ah!" she cried, clutching me violently. "I am not frightened! no; this is some trick. I'll have the creature punished. I tell you both, these things do not frighten me!"

Here she clasped me so violently that I nearly fell. "Open the window, Thomas," she continued loudly. "I'll speak to the creature."

At the sound of the opening casement the figure turned slowly toward us, and with a despairing cry disappeared amid the trees. Mrs. Rawson fell back in hysterics, and being rather stout, it was as much as Thomas and I could do to support her. "Ah, ah!" she laughed; "I tell you I am not frightened; I tell you—"

Here the noise she made was so great that Rawson himself appeared on the landing in a hurried toilet.

"What on earth is the matter?" he cried. His voice recovered her at once.

"Come here, Mr. Rawson, and give me your arm to my room."

They made rather an undignified exit, but just then my mind was too much engrossed with the extraordinary apparition to notice anything else. Through that long night I lay thinking it over. What could it mean? I remembered the psychological discussions with Hansen, in which I was invariably right; and before morning was quite certain that I had grasped the meaning of this. It was a portent that affected the family.

When my brother, who had slept soundly all night, began deriding it, and saying it was a dodge of the servants, I pulled him up at once. "Perhaps," I said, "I know more about it than you think."

"What are you driving at?" he said.

"I mean that it may portend something more serious than you hint at."

"Ah! Peter," he said, "how often have I told you not to keep all the jewels and plate at the Hall. Why don't you send them to your bankers?"

"You mistake me," I said; "the trinkets and plate are safe enough, but did it never occur to your that spirits may actually visit the earth?"

"If I did not know you better, Peter, I should think you had adopted whiskey in Scotland, or had softening of the brain coming on. Whence did you pick up this nonsense?"

I laid my hand upon his shoulder. "Robert," I said, seriously, "I'll tell you about Scotland. My mind was opened there, and I am now convinced that it is possible for spirits, both seen and unseen, to visit this earth. Moreover, we may converse with them."

He looked at me dumfounded. At last he said, "Poor Peter! you are worse than I expected."

"And," I continued, not heeding him, "the question to be answered is, what will we do, or how should we act, when they do appear?"

In this case," he said, brutally, "I should look after the spoons."

It was no use talking to a man of this sort. In fact, the more serious and intent we were in watching for or trying to find out about this spiritual manifestation, the more frivolous and absurd he became. He dressed himself in white and stalked about the front of the house, saying, "One ghost was as good as another."

Just before he started for Scotland he played a very stupid and reprehensible practical joke on Randall Rawson. Rawson happened to leave an envelope addressed to his mother on the library table. This was taken by my brother, who, imitating the handwriting, wrote, "Dear mother, I shall send you fifteen blue goats to-morrow. Can't get any more, but will telegraph to New York." Poor Rawson came up to me in great excitement the next day with a telegram in his hand. "Good heavens! Stonnor," he said, "here's a calamity! my poor mother's gone mad. Read this."

"From Mrs. Rawson, Queen's Gate, to Randall Rawson, Stonnor Hall—Don't want any blue goats—Don't telegraph to New York."

"Poor mother!—I must be off at once. My wife is out driving. Could you manage to come with me?"

"Certainly," I said. "Write a line to your wife, and let us be off. We shall just catch the London train."

So Rawson wrote on the back of the telegram, "Dear Wife: This will explain itself. Hope to be back to-morrow. Poor mother!"

Of course, when we got to Queen's Gate and saw the spurious letter, the hoax began to dawn upon us. We vowed vengeance against Robert, but by the time we got back he had started for Scotland. What a miserable time we had of it with Rawson's wife!

Nothing would persuade her that it was not a planned thing between us. "The next time you take my husband to dissipate in London, Mr. Stonnor," she said with cutting irony, "pray find some more sensible excuse than blue goats."

"Really, Mrs. Rawson," I protested, "it was nothing more than a practical joke of my brother's."

"How fortunate to have an absent brother!" she replied sarcastically.

Luckily our attention was now distracted by Mr. Hansen's arrival. His presence acted like oil on the troubled waters. In a couple of days he had settled down, a favorite with all, and a special comfort to me. Even Mrs. Rawson pronounced him to be a most superior person, and it was interesting to notice that, after pooh-poohing the very name of the very name of spiritualism and abusing its converts, she insensibly became converted herself.

"We ought to write to Dr. Pascal," she said, "and insist on a searching inquiry being made. It is a crying shame that the savans do not recognize it!"

"The inquiry would come to nothing," said Hansen. "They would investigate, and probe, and test; and then, if they could account for the phenomena as being the sequence of some so-called law, their intellects would be satisfied; if not, they would call it humbug."

"But, Hansen," I said, "there must be laws, you know; everything must be governed by laws."

"Exactly," he answered "but what these so-called philosophers call laws are nothing more than assumptions on which they conveniently base their facts."

"There may certainly be," said Mrs. Rawson, "some occult power, which they know nothing whatever about."

"There is! There is! Believe me, there is, Mrs. Rawson!" cried Hansen. "And then how sweet and comforting to think we can hold converse with departed friends!"

"Indeed it is!" said Mrs. Rawson; "it satisfies our loftiest aspirations!"

"By and by history will be read by its help," I said.

"A noble idea—one worthy of you!" said Hansen, pressing my hand.

After this we had many interesting conversations. We of course told him of the spectre. He was intensely interested. He made us narrate the circumstances again and again. He examined the lawn, shrubberies, and windows, and finally put the girl Jane under serve cross-examination. One day, in company with Mrs. Rawson, we explored the old house, and were looking at the family jewels and plate, in the strong fire-proof box.

"We must not wonder at your brother telling you to look after these valuable heirlooms," said Hansen,

"any more than we wonder at the girl Jane's fright. The idea of burglary is just what would occur to an unenlightened mind."

"I think this box would resist any attempt at burglary," I said, smiling. "See how this key turns two strong bars right across the inside of the lid. Most beautiful mechanism!" he said, "and how ingeniously contrived!"

He tried the key several times, then returning it to me continued: "But I am more interested in the haunted room. Let us go there! Let us go quickly!"

Something in the change of his voice as he spoke the last words made us look at him. His eyes were fixed on vacancy, and grasping our hands, without any direction on our part, his eyes still fixed, he led us straight to the haunted room! While the door was being opened we fancied we heard a noise, but nothing daunted, we entered—Hansen still in his trance and Mrs. Rawson pale yet determined. For some time there was silence, then he heaved a great sigh, drew his hand across his brow and said, "This is Lettice's chamber! Where is the inscription?"

Before we could answer there were four distinct knocks from the fireplace. Again his eyes assumed the vacant stare, his jaw fell, and he looked about him in a dazed sort of manner.

"Would you learn more of the apparition?" he asked dreamily.

"I would," I answered boldly. "Was it a portent?"

"It was."

"A portent of what?" I asked breathlessly.

"There was no answer."

"Could you bring us into communication with this spirit?" said Mrs. Rawson.

Still no answer; but with a sigh he sank back in a chair apparently asleep. Presently he awoke, quite unconscious of what had happened, examined the room and inscription with great interest, and then went down with us to the drawing-room.

We told my niece and Rawson what had happened, and that evening we all tried to persuade him to conduct a seance with the view of eliciting information from the departed Lettice. At first he refused. "Remember," he said, "how my health suffered in Germany from these investigations. Since that I have been unable to follow my calling. Oh, let me regain my health!"

It was at my solicitation that he at last yielded; and that he should not be a sufferer I induced him to accept a douceur that would relieve his anxiety about working for a year or so.

He thought the manifestations would be stronger if some of his time were spent in the old chamber; so we had his bed moved to a room opening from it, that he might go in and out as he pleased.

I must own we were all morbidly excited on the morning of the pre-arranged seance. For myself I was determined to solve the portent. I was proud that the philosophical investigation should have fallen on my shoulders, and was quite conscious of the power of elucidating the phenomena. I determined also to take copious notes and submit them to the Royal Society. F. R. S. is not by any means an ungenially adjunct to one's name and one of my first subsequent actions should be certainly to show my unbounded gratitude Hansen for having opened to me these vistas of philosophical research.

Mrs. Randall Rawson talked and laughed loudly to hide her excitement. Her husband walked about the house on tiptoe all day, and my niece had a pale, pinched look, and was occasionally in tears. Dinner seemed an impertinence, and the servants must have noted how little we ate. Their presence was irksome. We were impatient till they retired for the night, and then, more like a row of conspirators than ordinary inmates, we silently went up to the haunted room.

Hansen was already there. The night was very dark and warm, and he stood by the open window, calm and collected.

"You all know," he began, "how trying it is for me to conduct these investigations, and I only do so now out of defence to the mental attainments of our host. We cannot tell—no one can tell—whether there will be any manifestations, but we will try. The night is favorable."

We seated ourselves round the table, placed our hands upon it, and made a contact with our fingers.

Presently it moved; then was violently agitated, almost falling on our feet, while occasional loud raps were heard on the inscription.

"Strong manifestations on the oak carving," he said in a low tone; "let me go to it."

He got up, and as he moved to the fireplace his chair ran after him.

We all saw it, and made some involuntary exclamation as we rose from our seats.

"Ah!" he said, "don't destroy the contact; the spirits are busy to-night."

We repeated ourselves: my niece, rather faint, next to Rawson, then myself, Mrs. Rawson, and Hansen. Presently my niece cried, "Something touched my leg!"

"Be calm," said Hansen. "Be calm."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I cannot bear it; something is on my lap!"

"Rawson, move your place this instant, sir," cried his wife. "Move your place this instant, or I leave the room."

"My dear—" he began.

"Move your place, sir," she insisted.

So poor Randall had to move. "I think I'll go to the bed," he said, and slipped out of the room."

"What was it?" I whispered to my niece.

"It was as if my child was climbing on to my knee," she whispered back.

Hansen rose and drank some water. "I think," he said, "it would be advisable to conduct the rest of the seance in darkness. Your late researches, Mr. Stonnor, must have shown you the wonderful properties of light as an occult motive power. No doubt it interferes somewhat with spiritualistic phenomena. In the light we get indirect information by rappings, but in the darkness we may obtain more direct communications."

So saying, he put out the candles and we resumed our seats.

The rappings increased. They were very loud. Then small flickers of light darted all about the room. Then a moaning, such as we heard on the lawn, could be detected in the air close to us.

"Are you the spirit of Lettice Stonnor?" asked Hansen.

There were three raps and a moan. "Is your visit a portent of evil?"

Two raps.

"Is your visit to the Hall a friendly one?"

Three raps.

"Where do you come from?"

Here a shower of stars shot all about the room.

"Will you show yourself to us?"

Three raps.

Our excitement was now positively awful. We could hear our hearts beating. Presently out of the darkness a luminous figure was seen moving toward the window. Arriving there, it turned, and we saw, illuminated by a soft light, the features of the departed Lettice Stonnor. Her black hair clung about her shoulders, and she moaned and gesticulated as she did on the lawn.

"Speak!" said Hansen.

"I return no more," she said in unearthly tones, and slowing disappeared out of the window.

There was a crash in the room. Hansen lit the candles, and there on the floor were my niece and Mrs. Rawson in hysterical faintings. To this day I don't know how we got to bed. I remember calling Rawson, and somehow between us we saw the two ladies to their rooms. When I got back Hansen had thrown himself on his bed.

"Let me sleep, let me sleep," he said, shaking me by the hand—"the expeditious of odic force has been too much for me; but what a glorious success!"

The reaction from the excitement gave me a heavy sleep, but I was rudely awakened before eight the next morning by Thomas. He had shaken me out of my stupor, and was standing over me in his shirt sleeves.

"Oh lor, sir!" he cried. "Oh lor, Mr. Stonnor!"

"What is the matter, Thomas?" I exclaimed, starting up and rubbing my eyes.

"Oh lor, sir! the family plate, sir, and the jewels! all gone!"

"Gone!" I shrieked, jumping out of bed. "Call Mr. Hansen!"

"He's gone too, sir!"

I kept my room for a week. Owing to something he had heard in Scotland, my brother had suddenly returned to the Hall the day after the robbery, but had immediately left for London. Ten days after he appeared.

"I hope the detectives and I have not compounded a felony," he said, laying some of the best jewels on the table, "but these are all we could recover. The plate is melted down by this time, and your check was cashed the day you gave it. Would you like me to read the result of Pascal's inquiry about your friend?"

"Edward Hansen," he writes, "is not an artist himself, but is the son of a well known painter of the same name. No doubt the sketches your brother purchased are by the father. This Edward is married to a handsome, dark woman, and a clever pair of scamps they are, the Stonnor Hall seance not being the least of their clever adventures."

"He first caught your brother by a little judicious flattery, and then carefully elicited all your family history from him. The story of Lettice he utilized by writing to his wife and telling her to impersonate in the moonlight. This and subsequent deontential flattery to your brother's mental attainments brought the seance. The raps are produced by a very common trick. Your niece's sensation that her child was seated on her lap was induced by the contact of his foot, having previously throughout the day led her to speak of her trouble. The sparks and stars are simply caused by rubbing the top of a common lucifer match, and flicking it up into the air. As to the apparition, this was no one else but his own wife, who had entered the room, as they subsequently left it, by a rope ladder. The luminous appearance was caused by a compound of phosphates and sulphides well known in Germany, and the greater light near the window showed that she had come within the focus of some lantern cunningly hidden by her husband."

"The subsequent robbery was absurdly easy, seeing that the fireproof box had been left unlocked after Hansen tried the key."

"I hope Peter is better. 'Ex-perientia docet,' etc."—*Good Cheer.*

THE OCTOBER COSMOPOLITAN.

The October number of the *The Cosmopolitan* is the handsomest and most interesting yet issued. It opens with a beautifully-illustrated article entitled "The Passing of the Buffalo," by William T. Hornaday, giving a graphic account of his recent buffalo hunt, and showing how the buffalo have been recklessly exterminated. Another striking, timely, and profusely-illustrated article is that of George H. Fitch on "The Pigmy Kingdom of a Debauchee."

The author describes the present condition of the Hawaiian Islands, the causes of the recent revolution, and the character of King Kalakaua and his subjects. The third illustrated article is the last of the series by Arnold Burges Johnson on "Charles Sumner." Two new portraits of the great statesman and many striking and characteristic anecdotes regarding him are given. The article that will, perhaps, attract the most attention is that by J. Henry Hager on "The Second Wife of Napoleon I." It is based upon new materials just published in Europe, and shows that she was in every way unworthy of her husband, being narrow-minded, vain, and unfaithful to her marriage vows. Frank G. Carpenter, in an article on "The Tours of the Presidents," presents much interesting information a propos of President Cleveland's Western trip. "The First Jenny Lind Ticket," by P. T. Barnum; "A Backboard Trip Among the Indians," by Lee Meriwether, and "A Remedy for Poverty," by Richard A. Proctor, can not fail to attract attention. "A Turncoat for Love" is a very witty story by Ludovic Halevy, the distinguished French writer. James T. McRay contributes a strong story entitled "A Lear of New England."

"Mr. and Mrs. Inderwick" is an amusing posthumous story by John Esten Cooke. The poetry of the number is by Walt Whitman, Danske Dandridge, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and A. H. Peters.

Mrs. Cleveland's Brown Bread.

The recipe which Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the president, good naturedly wrote for a church fair in Washington is as follows: One bowl Indian meal, one bowl rye flour, one bowl sour milk, one large cup of molasses, one tablespoonful soda, one tablespoonful salt. Steam two and one-half hours, and bake from twenty minutes to one-half hour, depending upon heat of oven.

Lecture.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson will deliver a very interesting lecture in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church on the 26th of October, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home. Gentlemen and ladies, let us give the popular Editor of the *JOURNAL* a full house.

A. A. BARNES, Sec'y and Treas.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes Society.

DEAR EDITOR:—During the month of September, the weather was rather cold and uncomfortable; light overcoats were frequently resorted to, to keep off chills. There was quite a remarkable phenomenon happened in the northern part of this state, and small ponds were frozen and little urchins could play on the ice without breaking or getting a "ducking." This unexpected cold snap damaged the crops on a large scale. In this metropolis, at the same time, the effects of this frosty spell told more or less on every body, creating an impression that the winter had come in too early, while they had anticipated the enjoyment of the mellow weather of the Autumn or at least the "Indian Summer." At this time, things were not settled down as the summer season was not over yet. Thus the Gallaudet Home Society had not a very satisfactory showing, but hopes that the ever welcome month of October will gather a golden harvest in favor of the Home. It is earnestly hoped that every deaf-mute will work and work hereafter and keep on going ahead until the hateful mortgage on the Home property shall be wiped out, which event may, it is trusted, before long be realized.

The first annual meeting of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes Society will be held on the 8th of November, at 8 o'clock p.m., in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, and it is desirous to have every body present at the meeting.

ENCLOSED YOU WILL FIND A LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.		
Thomas Godfrey,	\$1 00	
Albert A. Barnes,	1 00	
Clement R. Thomson,	100 00	
Collected by Geo. R. Murry,		102 00
Chas. Weiffenbach through		2 00
Mrs. Gussie Berley,		
Mrs. Mary Totten,	1 00	
Cash,	1 00	
Miss Mary Batz,	1 00	
Miss Jessie L. Hardey,	1 00	
		4 00
Samuel A. Taber,	1 00	
Mrs. Gertrude A. Taber,	1 00	
		2 00
Additional cash from the Gallaudet Home Excursion,		17 00
Brick Plan.		
Wm. Hutton,		4 00
R. Paterson,		2 40
Total during the month of September,		134 00
Amount previously acknowledged,		1,631 05
Grand Total,		\$1,765 45
Respectfully Yours, ALBERT A. BARNES, Sec'y and Treas.		

A MUTE CHILD BAPTIZED.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE ONLY IRISH DEAF-MUTE CHAMPIONING HOME RULE.

Yesterday afternoon the Rev. Alfred Belanger, who is a pastor of the Catholic deaf-mutes in this diocese, baptized the first child of a Catholic couple at St. Michael's Church, West Thirty-first street and Ninth avenue. The baby was christened Susie. She is the daughter of Patrick Campbell, who is the only deaf mute Irish champion of Home Rule for Ireland in this city.

The Rev. Father Belanger was recently appointed by Archbishop Corrigan to take charge of the Catholic Mission of Deaf-Mutes in this city. The Rev. Father Belanger was the director of the Male Deaf and Dumb Institution in Montreal, Canada, for thirty years, and understands the mutes' language.

In the evening a reception was held at Patrick Campbell's residence at Willet street, in honor of his daughter Susan. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Liebel, Miss Flora Cassell, Misses Louise and Annie Sarter, Misses Felver, Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. J. F. O'Brien, Mr. James P. Donohue, Miss Stein, Miss Parker, Miss Strahle, Miss Werhmann, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. W. Maher, Mr. P. Cassidy, Mr. J. F. J. Tresch, and many others.—*Evening Sun*, Oct. 10.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1887.
E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, 2.50
Terms, cash in advance.

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"DEFECTIVES."

In the July number of the *Annals* there appeared an article written by the editor, questioning the good taste or appropriateness of characterizing the deaf as one of "the defective classes," and objecting especially to the change of name adopted by the Institution in Minnesota, from "Institute for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, the Blind, and the Feeble-Minded," to the "Minnesota Institute for Defectives." Mr. R. A. Mott upholds the new name in the October number of the same periodical by a discussion of the word "Defectives," as applied to the Minnesota Institution, under three heads. In reply to the editor of the *Annals* that there is no such word as "defectives" in any English dictionary, Mr. Mott maintains that dictionary authority is not necessary in the application of a name to a corporation, organization or individuals. In reference to the suggestion that the name is offensive, he replies that the discussion is "getting into the region of drivelling cant." Finally, he has a firm conviction that it is the most "appropriate" name that can be selected, although the

Schools would be an improvement. It must be noted that the discussion is between two gentlemen who can hear and speak. They are both good friends of deaf-mutes. But it is the educated deaf-mutes who will most keenly understand the objectionable character of the new-coined name, and it is from them the protest against its adoption should come. Why the deaf-mutes of Minnesota should be gathered together and educated in the same institution as the blind and the feeble-minded, is beyond our comprehension, unless it is a question of economy alone. Granting that economy in expenditure of the State's money warrants the heterogeneous character of the institution; we still can not concede that a desire to economize words sanctions the welding together of the dissimilar groups under one appellation. Mr. Mott says that the "children and youth should be taught to stand squarely before the world and pass for just what they are." We agree with him in that. But placing deaf-mutes before the world as "defectives" on the same plane as imbeciles, is not placing them squarely before the world for just what they are. Mr. Mott thinks that the intent of a term decides whether or not it can be called offensive. That may be true, to a certain extent, but the damage and wrong which the term may work toward deaf-mutes on account of its joint application will come from a misapprehension of it, and though the intent may excuse the wrong it will not repair it. The prime object of every expression should be exactness. Brevity should occupy second place, and no term should be adopted until it is perfectly adapted. It is within the region of probability that the deaf-mutes of Minnesota will, in the not far distant future, be designated in some quarters by the unhandsome, unwieldy and ambiguous term of "deaf and dumb defectives."

The series of "First Lessons in English," prepared by Miss Sweet of the American Asylum, has been completed by the publication of "No. 4." A thorough drill and instruction in the elementary principles of language thus systematically developed will enable a deaf-mute to express himself clearly and grammatically. Throughout the series the language is simple and progressive, and that so much has been accomplished without recourse to idioms should be especially satisfactory.

ing to the author. The subjects elucidated in "No. 4" are: Conditional Clauses; The Infinitive as the Subject; The Clausal, Modifier of Time; The Perfect and Pluperfect Tenses; and the Relative Clause. It will be gratifying to all interested in the instruction of the deaf to know that this series will be supplemented by other books, which will carry forward the development of the compound tenses, idiomatic language, and irregular or unusual forms of construction.

On the 14th of December, the Gallaudet Club, of New York will give a grand entertainment, in honor of the centennial anniversary of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. On account of December 10th falling on Saturday, it was deemed advisable to choose another date, especially as it is intended to devote a part of the proceeds to the Memorial Fund, and an entertainment on the evening of the last day of the week would necessarily be of too short duration to attract a large number. The readers of the JOURNAL are advised to study the advertisement on the fourth page of this issue, as they will find that the attractions will be novel and numerous.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

J. M. T. Davis was seen in Hoboken on Sunday, the 9th inst.
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bigelow have moved to 43 Orange St., Chelsea, Mass.
Rollin Wells, of San Francisco, will soon start for New York, via New Orleans.

Miss Mattie P. Slate, of Oxford, Miss., has collected \$12.50 for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

Edward Lell has gone to Chicago and will probably start a shoe shop there. He left New York on the 3d inst.

Chinich bugs destroyed fourteen acres of wheat and twelve acres of corn, belonging to Nathan R. McGrew, of Gilman, Ia.

The "Deaf and Dumb World," of London, England, has been discontinued. The editor has removed to Manchester.

Miss Frankie Town, who has been spending a few weeks with Maggie McKee, of Brookport, N. Y., has returned to her home in Syracuse.

Miss Bettie Turner, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. John H. Turner, of Princeton, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Milburn.—*Chicago Journal.*

Rev. Samuel Rowe was born in a two story old-fashioned house, at New Gloucester, Me. His house has recently been turned into a barn and is now full of hay.

Mr. James Russell, of Harlem, is rejoicing over the fact that his wife presented him with a fine baby boy, on Monday, October 10th. Mother and child are doing well.

B. F. Marshall and H. W. Funk are doing well at the prohibition city of York, Neb. Mr. Marshall, and his wife and child, lately moved there from Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Ennio, of Clayton, N. Y., are rejoicing over the birth of a little boy, which arrived on September 23d. It was baptized by Rev. Father Brice.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Frey, of Brooklyn, are mourning over the loss of a little son, born October 1st, who died soon after birth. They have the sincere sympathy of all their friends.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ould, of Thomaston, Ct., will be interested to know that a little visitor, in the shape of a 10 pound baby girl, arrived at their home on Saturday, October 8th. Mother and child are doing well.

A friend writes:—"I notice an unfortunate omission of Miss Lizzie Noble's present of a carved fork and spoon, and a carved match box, in 'Beatrice's' account of the Wooden Wedding Party at Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith's."

One of the Davis aggregation called at the shop where A. F. Marshall works, in Bridgeport, Ct., and attempted to sell alphabet cards. When she discovered that one of the workmen was a deaf-mute, she made for the door and vanished.

Marcus M. Brown, of Rock Bottom, Mass., rode on his bicycle to Worcester, Mass., a distance of about twenty miles, accomplishing the task in two hours. He went there to see the New England Fair. He returned home on the same evening.

Nathan McGrew, of Gilman, Ia., writes that he attended the convention of the Hawkeye State Association at Des Moines, and was glad to cultivate the acquaintance of the venerable president, Mr. Edward Booth. Mr. Booth is now seventy-seven years old, but still manages his paper, the *Anamosa Enquirer*.

The students of the Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N. J., some one hundred and seventy in number, went en masse to a theatre last Saturday evening. The freshmen covered themselves with glory by placing a placard above the curtain bearing the inscription "Boom Rah! Boom Rah! Stevens '91." Anthony Capelli was with Mr. Farrar, of Nashville, Tenn., one of the freshmen.

Almost at the beginning of a new school year death has invaded our household and taken one away from us. A few days after school opened Emil Johnson was taken sick with what proved to be spinal fever. The best of care did not avail. Early Tuesday morning, Sept. 27, he died. Services were held in the chapel at 10 o'clock, and the body was taken home to Bushford, Fulmore Co., by his father. Emil was a little over eleven years old, and was admitted to school last year. He was gentle and affectionate in disposition, and quite intelligent. Had he been spared he would undoubtedly have been one of our best pupils.—*Faribault, Minn., Companion.*

GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL FUND.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 67.
KENDALL GREENE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 8, '87.

The following, received through Mr. D. W. George, carries the grand total from Illinois up to \$832.55. The names of the subscribers are very numerous and as they have been already published in the *Advocate* of October 1st, it is not deemed necessary to repeat them here.

Collected during the Reunion.
1 By Miss Annabel Powers, \$11 05
2 " " Alice Chenoweth, 12 80
Individual Contributions, 8 10
Collected during the Vacation.

1 By the girls, 244 35
2 " " boys, 219 17
Collected by Cora Gunn, 3 50
" " Cynthia Luttrell, 2 00
" " Maggie Hieronymus, 2 75

Total new receipts from Illinois, \$503 72
Also, received from James Jos. Murphy, collected by pupils of the Wisconsin Institution during the vacation, as below. This carries the total from Wisconsin up to \$332 23.

By Carrie Parker, Merrill, 17 25
" Ida Carpenter, Greenwood, 6 25
" " Lillie Hibbard, Stetsonville, 4 50
" " George Hebord, Waupaca, 4 50
" " Robert Williams, Darlington, 16 80
" " Henry Bretthauer, Muscoda, 4 30
" " James Byrne, Juda, 2 50
" " Willie Cusack, Big Spring, 2 00
" " Eddie May, Fort Atkinson, 1 25
" " A. W. Gould, Racine, 1 00
" " Robert Stephenson, Inst., 1 35
" " other pupils, 2 00
" " sale of chromos, 5 26

Total new receipts from Wisconsin, 65 65
Total new receipts, 569 37
Previously acknowledged, 258 22

Total with treasurer, 827 59
Other cash assets, 7,057 07
Total cash assets, \$7,884 66

AMOS G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

DEAF MUTES.

(From the Herald and Presbyter.)

I am a deaf-mute, having been deprived of my hearing when a mere lad, before receiving any religious impressions. Can you who possess the faculty of hearing imagine what it is to be deaf? I frequently attended church and watched the preacher, hoping to be able to catch a few words of his discourse by means of lip reading. I often succeeded, and at last awoke from my drowsiness. The deaf-mutes are so scattered miles apart that it is impossible for a mute minister to reach all of them. A mute minister can make as deep an impression on a mute audience as the ablest of the hearing ministers. The mute preachers preach by signs. They can talk as fast in that way as the hearing preachers can talk. Put both of your hands over your heart, that means love. Point up toward heaven, that means God. I once witnessed the marriage of a mute couple. Ah! it was beautiful and impressive. Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., is one of the mute ministers. He is himself a mute. His territory embraces several thousand square miles. There are some powerful deaf-mute newspaper men here in America. The *Deaf Mutes' Journal*, published in New York City, has done a vast amount of good for the mutes. In fact, it is their champion. Most of the States have institutions for the education of the deaf. Mute children, who are ignorant of everything, are sent to these schools, and are taught the same studies as the more fortunate hearing children. They attend religious services every morning in the chapel before going to their studies, and study Scripture on Sundays. Most all the mutes who attend these institutions receive good educations, which enables them to successfully battle with the world. There is a deaf-mute college at Washington City. We deeply regret that some of the schools for the deaf employ more hearing than mute professors. We consider that all wrong. There is surely enough talent among the mutes to run the institutions. Some of the institutions are under the control of politics, which spoils the usefulness. Some of them give the positions to men as a reward for political services. The first institution for the deaf in the United States was founded by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet at Hartford, Conn. The mutes have raised several thousand of dollars for the purpose of erecting a statue to his memory at Washington, D. C. The *Deaf Mutes' Journal* estimates that there are about 250,000 Chinese in China who are deprived of hearing and speech, and says these unfortunates are treated with cruelty, and persecution is added to neglect. The paper urges deaf mutes to go to China and teach them. There are a few Christians teaching there now, but the paper calls for more. At this little missive escapes the waste-basket, I may write again.

WALTER L. MCWHORTER, METAMORA, IND.

Deaf-Mutes are cordially invited to services: October 16th, St. Andrew's Church, 128th Street and Fourth Avenue, at 11 A.M.; October 16th, Calvary Church, Brooklyn, E. D., at 3.30 P.M.

There is a man in New York who becomes totally deaf at nine o'clock every morning, and remains so until six o'clock the next day. He is able to hear and speak only three hours out of twenty-four.

NOTICE.

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COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The H. O. S. S. Conclave

THE COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Small Things of a Week.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

It has been observed by a few of our readers that the opening words of our letters almost always contain some remark about the weather, usually of a disparaging nature as far as it relates to Washington weather as compared with the weather of the rest of the country in general, and of New York in particular, and some have gone so far as to insinuate that we are unable to begin our letters in any other manner. Were it for no other reason than to show how utterly baseless this insinuation is, we would exclude any reference to the weather whatever from this letter. But it seems that in the disparaging remarks we made in our last letter concerning the dampness of the fog that then enveloped the city, we spoke of "the well-worn covers of a favorite Horace"—a remark which provoked some incredulous smiles from those who believed that both this Horace and its "well-worn covers" were a pretty little fiction of ours coined in a moment of only human vanity. However, this Horace really does exist, though, as a matter of fact, the covers have been worn by other hands than ours,—for we picked it up in a second hand book-store. We mention the matter—which has a remote connection with the weather—in order to avert from our devoted head the imputation of untruthfulness, though, perhaps, it is not exactly a flattering reflection upon the scholarship of our students that the possession of a well-thumbed copy of the Odes of Horace should be greeted with incredulity and derision.

But to return to College matters from which we are always too prone to drift. The twenty-third annual grand conclave of the H. O. S. S. was as usual looked forward to by the students of the introductory department, who were in ignorance of the mild and beneficent nature of the mystic rites of the order, with fear and trembling, though there was not a single person who was not anxious to be initiated, for, until he is acquainted with the mysteries of the order and able to give the grips and hailing signs, a Dnck doesn't feel that he is a collegian at all. Accordingly, when the Grand Mogul sat in high state in the council chamber last Saturday evening surrounded by the members in regalia, seven humble aspirants for initiation were led into his august presence by the Stor Marshall and the obsequious lieutenants, and after giving satisfactory evidence of their fitness, and having prostrated themselves before the never-dying five on the altar, and quaffed of the fountain of eternal truth, were declared full members of the order. The ceremonies concluded with the usual melon feast in the basement hall.

It will be remembered that last Spring there was considerable talk about establishing a college magazine here, and that a committee of students was selected to canvass the matter and present its report about the first of October. The committee pursued its labor throughout the summer, and last Saturday at a meeting of the students in the lyceum, made its report, as follows:

"To the Students of the National Deaf-Mute College: Your committee, to which was referred the matter of the project to establish a college magazine would most respectfully report as follows:

"The committee met immediately after its appointment and organized by electing Mr. H. Gross as Chairman and Mr. H. Van Allen as Secretary. The following circular and blank pledge were prepared and mailed to all graduates and other friends of the college whose addresses could be ascertained:

[Circular.]

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 4, 1887.

DEAR SIR: The students of the National Deaf-Mute College propose to establish a literary magazine soon after the opening of the next college year, to be issued every six weeks, the first number to appear in November. The magazine will be one of sixteen or twenty pages, eight by eleven inches in size, and will contain contributions in prose and verse from the students and graduates of the college, editorial comment on matters of general interest, a summary of the principal events occurring in the college during the preceding month, and items of interest concerning the alumni. The subscription price has been fixed at one dollar for the college year. As the number of students in our college is too small to support a publication of this character, the undersigned committee has been selected to solicit subscriptions from the alumni and the friends of the college. Should you be willing to pledge yourself as a subscriber for the magazine in case its publication should be undertaken, you are respectfully requested to sign the accompanying slip and forward the same to the secretary of the committee. Your subscription will be due immediately upon the receipt of the first number of the magazine.

Yours very truly,

H. GROSS, '88, Chairman,
J. S. LONG, '89,
T. S. MARR, '89,
G. WILLIAMS, '91.

[Pledge.]

H. VAN ALLEN, Sec'y, do.,
I hereby pledge myself as a subscriber to the proposed magazine, in case its publication is undertaken, and will forward the amount of my subscription immediately upon the receipt of the first number of the magazine.

(Name) (Address)

"About four hundred of these circulars were mailed, and in response to these only sixty-three persons pledged

themselves as subscribers. Seventy-seven pledges were obtained by the students by personal solicitation from relatives and friends during the summer. Fifty-nine copies were subscribed for by the fifty-two students of the college, showing that there was no lack of interest in the magazine among the students. This made a total of 199 pledges. Reliable estimates placed the cost of magazine of this description at \$60 per issue of five hundred copies; and the whole six issues would in this way cost \$360. To meet this expense 360 subscribers would be needed, and up to this time but little more than half the necessary number has been obtained. Of the pledges already obtained, about ten per cent will never be made good. Flattering interest in the project has been shown in some quarters, and the committee has received several promises of influence to be exerted in the future, but these promises cannot be implicitly relied on. Furthermore the committee has reason to believe that conditions exist here, which would prevent the magazine from being as successful as similar publications are in other colleges, and which would so hamper the magazine as to prevent it from giving any true expression of the opinions of the students. In view of the lack of appreciation exhibited in the very quarter from which it was most expected, with the certainty of the project being unsuccessful financially, and the other reasons above enumerated, we would most respectfully recommend that the publication of the magazine be not undertaken.

"H. GROSS, '88, Chairman,
"H. VAN ALLEN, '89, Sec'y,
"J. S. LONG, '89,
"T. S. MARR, '89,
"G. WILLIAMS, '91.

The report was received, but no action was taken upon it. It is probable that the matter will be dropped, though with great reluctance. It is to be regretted that the project can not be undertaken, but it is evident that the report of the committee was the only one, which could be made in view of the facts.

Dr. Gallaudet has submitted thirty-second annual report of the Columbus Institution to the secretary of the Interior. The report shows that there are one hundred and thirty-eight persons under instruction, fifty-four in the collegiate department and eighty-four in the Kendall school. The receipts for the past year amounted to \$60,818 78, of which amount \$52,500 was received from the treasury of the United States. The expenditures were \$60,735 56, leaving a balance of \$83 22. For buildings and the grounds, the sum of \$8,000 was received from the Treasury and expended in improvements, including salaries and incidental expenses for the next fiscal year, it is estimated that \$57,500 is necessary, and a deficiency appropriation of \$6,000 is asked for the present year.

The first Sunday School concert of the year was held last Sunday. The words given out to guide the discussion of the afternoon was "Honor." A very pleasant feature of the exercises was the rendition in signs by Misses Lowman, Rudd, Elliott and Jeffery, of the class of '92, of the grand old hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Quite a large number of visitors were present. Dr. Gallaudet, the superintendent of the school, read a letter from the treasurer of a society, to which the school had donated twenty-four dollars to assist the Indians, expressing many thanks for the donation.

Prof. Hotchkiss left, last Wednesday, for Salem, Mass., where he was married on Thursday, to Marian Chadwick. The announcement of the professor's engagement was made last spring, and now that he has finally renounced single blessedness he is receipt of the congratulations of every one. To these congratulations their chronicler wishes to add his own.

SMALL TALK.

St. Paul's Guild of deaf-mutes held a meeting at Ascension Church last Wednesday, at which several students were present.

The first football game of the season was played last Wednesday between the first and second elevens. The latter eleven has organized by electing Van Allen, '89, Manager, and Boland, '88, Captain. It will be of value in training recruits for the first eleven.

Our new janitor was called home last Wednesday by the dangerous illness of his son. During his absence, our old janitor, Colvin, performs the duties of the position.

Quite a number of students witnessed the demonstration made in honor of Governor Shepherd last Thursday. Dr. Gallaudet occupied a position on the grand stand near the governor during the review.

Several baseball games have been played during the past week. The weather being too warm for football.

Shade trees are being planted along Boundary Street in front of the Institution grounds, and pretty soon the street will be unrecognizable to those who knew it in the days when the sewer was slowly creeping past.

The grounds about the new laboratory building are being sodded, and the driveway leading between it and the shop building gravelled.

Schwartz, '89, thinks of taking a course in pharmacy at the National College of Pharmacy in this city.

The football team is in receipt of a challenge of the Johns Hopkins team. We will probably not play with them until we have had a good deal more practice than we had when we met them last year.

Oct. 10, 1887.

B. D. PETTENGILL'S METHODS OF TEACHING.

Of the many famous sayings of the brilliant, but not always profound, Disraeli, I do not know of one that shows a deeper insight in men and their affairs, than the declaration that "we put too much faith in systems, and too little in men." Nowhere is this more true than in the history of teaching. It matters not how carefully a method may be worked out, nor how admirably the machinery of it may be adjusted, unless it is backed by teachers of knowledge, skill, energy, patience, and with some degree of enthusiasm, it is not likely to be productive of very great results. What is frequently thought to be the all-essential in teaching, is really only a matter of secondary importance. Whether a man studies modern languages by the Laverne method, the Merstschaff system, or by any one of the innumerable methods now offered to the student, is not vital. Given a good teacher, and a certain degree of aptitude and diligence on the part of the student, and his success is assured. The tendency unduly to exalt systems and methods is quite human, but it is none the less to be resisted, for it makes that chief which must always be subordinate. Mr. Pettengill fully recognized this fact, and in the concluding paragraph of one of his articles to the *Annals*, he expresses himself as follows: "I should be prepared to see better results from the instruction of a superior teacher employing the Scientific Method, especially if he enjoined a great deal of practice with his science, than from the efforts of an inferior teacher employing the Natural Method, who altogether neglected the attempt to ground his pupils in the fundamental principles of the language." He was a pronounced advocate of the Natural Method of teaching, but he was not a blind adherent of it. He exercised a generous mental hospitality toward the theories of others, and was ready to adopt the method most productive of good work. His attitude was never polemic, but surveying the whole field of discussion on methods, he was broad enough to say: "We must watch the results of the different methods employed in teaching language, and all of us adopt the one which bears the most fruit." In his mind, results were incomparably more important than a quarrel about methods. The most pronounced feature of Mr. Pettengill's teaching was its complete objective character. In the first years of a pupil's course, the abstract was almost eliminated from the work of the school-room, and his pupils were kept at work on that which lived and moved before them. Everything available in the Institution was utilized for purposes of instruction, and what the school room lacked he provided out of his own pocket. His bachelor life enabled him to spend hundreds of dollars on his classes.

Beginning with the simple every day objects of the school-room, his pupils were soon introduced to very simple sentences, and they ran, walked, hopped, jumped, danced, rolled, played, laughed and cried to order. The transition from this step to the direct object, was easy and natural. It could not be said, during these first steps, that the pupils wrote inverted sentences, because of their use of the sign-language, for there was but little occasion for signing. They wrote what they saw done in their presence, and not what was dictated to them by gesture. So ingenious and often amusing were the created circumstances of the school-room, that his pupils were kept busy and interested. One day, when the Committee on State Charities were visiting the Institution, they entered Mr. Pettengill's room, and proceeded to read the work of one of the pupils written on a large slate. It ran something as follows: "Mr. Pettengill told a pupil to come to him. He took hold of him, and shook him. Then he struck him on the shoulder, and kicked him. The pupil cried, and Mr. Pettengill sent him to his desk." One of the committee demanded an explanation of such pounding. "Was that the way pupils were used in the Institution?" When, however, it was explained to him that these were mock actions used only as object lessons to teach the pupils to express themselves in written language, the gentlemen became much relieved.

The first drill of the year was so thorough and constant that the pupil must be very dull indeed, who could not, at the end of the first year, describe any ordinary action on such words as "put on," "put into," "put under," "take off," "take out of," "take from," "throw to and at," and a multitude of others. The conversation introduced at first was very simple, but such that a pupil could give his age, name, residence, cause of deafness, and could ask the names of objects around him. He never permitted the pupils' growth to wait upon a principle, but gave them, in simple language, the expression for everything that happened around them. He had always a large assortment of pictures on hand, but as far as I now remember, the pupils were seldom called upon to write from pictures. He preferred to reach the minds of his pupils by the presentative faculty, by objects of sense and perception, rather than through the imagination. There was no end to his fund of stories. These he collected into scrap-books, and he made large use of them. He seldom gave isolated words and phrases. If a new word was to be taught, a story was invented, and the new word was made conspicuous throughout. His habit of requiring pupils to

reproduce a story in the different tenses, gender and number, not only fastened the language in the pupils' minds, but they became possessed of grammatical forms in their local relation. He had no place for symbols, and little patience with those who made a hobby of them. In all of Mr. Pettengill's teaching, whether it was history or geography, his constant aim was the development of language. The dry details of history, wars, battles, settlements and their dates, were all made subordinate to the teaching of language.

The possession of a blank book of generous size by each member of his class, was a *sine qua non*—an indispensable condition. In these books the pupils copied down what he regarded as most essential, and the lessons were constantly reviewed. He permitted text-books in his school-room, but the pupils studied their lessons from the manuscripts in their possession. During the last years of his connection with the Institution, he had a class of dull pupils, and he certainly did good work with them. Mr. Pettengill has described his methods of teaching in the *Annals*, and I know of no better statement of them than the three resolutions of Milan, which endorsed the Natural Method, and recommended the use of manuscript books. The system adopted at Milan he repudiated, but the resolutions describing their method of teaching received his heartiest approval. His contributions to the *American Annals* were all of them eminently practical, distinguished by strong sense and careful logic. He ploughed deep, and when he talked and wrote it was with the mind and temper of a philosopher. He was as far from the reproach of narrowness as any man could wish to be.

The weak points of his own method were plain and open to him, and he readily confessed that a perfect adaptation of it to the condition of the deaf was impossible. In defining his position, he calls his method *The Natural Scientific Method*. I suspect that he was driven to this designation by the objection sometimes made that the Natural Method of teaching was "a haphazard method without plan or order." The word, Scientific, did not add anything of value to the clearness of his designation. Indeed, the term Scientific has become debased to such low society that its application to any method of teaching is of questionable value. Everything in these days down to the barber's shop and the prize-ring is scientific. Yet the charge against the natural method of being haphazard, with some qualification, might be conceded. If any one should object to the way hearing children get their mother tongue, because it was without plan or order, it would be folly to deny the charge. Even a strictly grammatical method is without plan or system in the material of teaching. There is no collection of words that come in logical order; no fixed form of lesson for each day and each year. What a teacher gives his pupils to-day and to-morrow, is not a fixed, rigid, immutable thing, but is entirely a matter of chance, of arbitrary selection, dependent upon the present needs and exigencies of the class. Mr. Pettengill, in this particular, was in advance of most teachers, for his year's work was pre-arranged; he had always an abundance of material at hand, and there was no wasted time in exhorting lessons. Of all men, he was the last to be charged with having no plan. There must be order; there must be some definite goal in the mind of the teacher; happy is he who can reach it.

The lessons in English history published in the "Little World" were literary models of style for the deaf. Mr. Pettengill got this power of adapting his language to the needs of the deaf, by thoroughly understanding the difficulties attending the acquisition of language by the deaf. He brought himself down to their intellectual level. The teacher, who can do that, day in and day out, has learned much in the art of teaching the deaf. Conscious as Mr. Pettengill was of the many imperfections of his work, his life and example cannot fail to be of inestimable value, not only to the pupils who received his instruction, but to all who were associated with him in the work of teaching.

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The weak points of his own method were plain and open to him, and he readily confessed that a perfect adaptation of it to the condition of the deaf was impossible. In defining his position, he calls his method *The Natural Scientific Method*. I suspect that he was driven to this designation by the objection sometimes made that the Natural Method of teaching was "a haphazard method without plan or order." The word, Scientific, did not add anything of value to the clearness of his designation. Indeed, the term Scientific has become debased to such low society that its application to any method of teaching is of questionable value. Everything in these days down to the barber's shop and the prize-ring is scientific. Yet the charge against the natural method of being haphazard, with some qualification, might be conceded. If any one should object to the way hearing children get their mother tongue, because it was without plan or order, it would be folly to deny the charge. Even a strictly grammatical method is without plan or system in the material of teaching. There is no collection of words

CONNECTICUT.

From the Land of the Wooden Nutmegs.

CHARLES DOUGHERTY TRIES GYM-NASTICS.

News Items, Personals, etc.

(From our Connecticut Correspondent.)

W. K. Chase, manager of the Jubilee, started for Boston, Saturday, where he is to lecture on the 12th inst. He will remain there a week or so to secure a hall for the Jubilee, and otherwise to complete arrangements for the coming great Jubilee.

Jack Frost was an unwelcome visitor to George Axt, of New Haven, last week, and bored George so bad that George is now experimenting on tracheas and Smith's famous five-minute cure for coughs and colds.

Mrs. L. J. Leek upon her return from Portchester, N. Y., where she had been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Marling (nee Stoffel), received a visit herself in the person of a malady which settled upon her eye, as an effect. Her cold is at last accounts somewhat better.

The ever jolly Mr. Dougherty, of Hartford, is gaining aldermanic proportions and boasts of tipping the scales at 200. It is said that Mr. Dougherty has tried several contrivances for reducing his weight. Gymnastics was his last resort. In "Prof." Simpson's back yard last week, he thought he would try the horizontal bar. Retracing backward a few steps, he made a hop, step, and skip, and then a high jump, meaning to catch the bar. And he was so eminently successful that he held it—till he, bar and all, came down with a sickening thud, landing poor Charles Dougherty on the small of his back. Charles is as meek as a lamb now, and says he has retired from athletic sports forever, except baseball.

Miss Matilda Axt is preparing for another brief visit to Branford. Her fall vacation, perhaps.

"Prof. Williams" son, Harry, who recently entered Yale College, still retains his fondness for the mutes, and last week, he was associating with some in New Haven. Upon being asked how he liked it at Yale, he said: "First rate, but there's a year to go through these terrible hazing and secret society ordeal as a 'Duck,' and I will be glad when a year has gone by."

Rover D. Livingstone made another run up to Springfield, Mass., Wednesday, returning Saturday and stopping in Wallingford over Sunday. The two deaf-mutes whom Gov. Lonsbury refused to transfer from the Hartford school to the Whipple Home in Mystic, have at all events gone there, we hear. Representatives from the above school were in New Haven recently to exert what influence they could upon their parents. It seems these new schools, oral and otherwise, that are springing up all over the country just now, are nothing but private enterprises, and it is always a poor chap that wants a remunerative position but can't get one in our systematically managed state institutions, that is trying to get up a so-called rival school. The New Haven News of the 5th inst., says, under heading "Disastrous Rivalry," and subheaded "How Deaf-Mute Parents are apt to be sought after":

"The selectmen last night listened to reports from committees on roads and bridges, outside poor and baby farms. Everything in this direction was reported as favorably by the committees. "Agent Whipple, of the Mystic deaf-mute hospital, brought in two little toddlers to prove to New Haven's selectmen that his institution was fully as good for as practical purposes as the famous Hartford asylum. Their names were Bertie Benjamin and Jimmie Kirk and they were delighted to help Mr. Whipple by showing how well they could write their names."

"Some time ago Freddy Maher and Mary Barrett, two deaf-mutes, charges of New Haven, attracted the attention of selectman Klenke. Their parents wanted them sent to Mystic. Governor Lonsbury refused to endorse the Mystic institution as superior to the Hartford school and said, when appealed to by the selectmen, that he thought no rivalry should exist between asylums of that nature."

"Selectman White characterized Whipple as a 'promoter,' a sort of chap who drummed up pupils in the old Squire way. Selectman Beecher didn't fail to say that the so-called specialist from Mystic struck him as an ignorant and illiterate person to have charge of deaf-mutes. Selectman Klenke said it was the wishes of the parents of the New Haven children that they should be sent to Mystic River, where only a faint shadow of light was shed on the matter last night and the final passed on to the approval of some \$7,257.22 worth of town bills and accounts. The hospital and the Middle own insane retreat absorbed most of this amount."

"It seems I know not how—that W. H. McCann knew something was wrong while 'Nemo's' letter was en route to the JOURNAL office week before last, and so he bled to Derby, Conn., and thence to Bridgeport, and returned to Wallingford the following Monday, and announced to 'Ted' that he had only come for his 'grip,' as he had secured a job in Bridgeport. "Rats!" ejaculated "Ted." I am sorry now. We don't speak now—because he is in Bridgeport, and miles intervene."

Theo. I Lonsbury will now invite you to call on him at the *Witness* office. He wouldn't before, and the fact is that the *Witness* has moved into a new and more commodious quarters on one of the prominent town corners of Wallingford. The office equipage is materially enlarged to meet the increasing demand and a new steam press is soon to be put in, and the *Witness* to be greatly enlarged and improved. It is the only paper published in Wallingford, and is one that commends itself at a glance.

Nothing new has turned up about

W. F. Kelly's case against the New Haven "uncle." Mr. Kelly is very close-mouthed upon the subject.

S. P. Cornelius, of New York, was in New Haven Sunday as guest of his brother who keeps a restaurant, and "Nemo" is a regular table boarder there.

Mr. George Eddy and Mrs. Wm. Cook, of New Britain, contributed \$10 and \$1 respectively to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund a couple of months ago. They haven't received credit in Mr. Week's bulletin yet.

Alex. L. Pach crossed Connecticut land two weeks ago on his way to Amherst.

"Nervy" Bond is wanted this way to break up a few of our two numerous saloons. No fee. Services to be offered gratis.

LeRoy B. Deming talks of attending the Jubilee, and also the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue in Washington.

Herman Erbe and wife, of Southington, celebrate the first anniversary of their wedding Friday. They have been boarding heretofore, but talk of going to housekeeping next spring.

Miss Julia Smith arrived here in New Britain, from a month's sojourn in Pennsylvania, a few days ago.

In our next, we intend giving a brief account of a perilous ride of twenty miles, from New Britain to Wallingford, which was in pitch darkness, and the many trials on our journey.

Oct. 10, '87.

NOTES FROM "S.S."

John W. Ross, of Redington, Hamilton Co., O., an ex-pupil of the Ohio Institute, was my guest for a few brief hours recently. John has a barber and shoe shop at Redington, and reported business brisk, especially in the tonsorial line. Here is a pointer for the charming belles of Ohio.

I read in the *Chronicle* some time ago about the intention of the powers that be of establishing a tailor shop at the Ohio Institute, but "M." made no mention of, not even hinted at, the number of boys employed in it. If it is not "croakish" to want to know the state of its existence, may I venture to ask whether or not the aforesaid shop is in existence at all?

"Free Lance" has been keeping quiet of late. Wake up, old boy. Cincinnati is not too little to be represented in the *JOURNAL*. The Only Greatest is still in existence, I presume!

One of the nominees for representative from this county (Clinton), and by the way, who will get there, Eli, dropped into the printing office this week to see the editor on political matters; but, as he was not in, we fell into a conversation about deaf-mute matters which were started by my having before me the *JOURNAL* and *Chronicle*. After glancing over the above mentioned papers, the candidate remarked that it was his belief that some of the school books of the State should be printed by the deaf-mutes at school, as he believed he saw a guaranty in the neatness of the make up of the papers (especially the *JOURNAL*) for their ability to do the work well. He also believed they should be given as much state work as practicable, as a matter of economy to the state, as well as an opportunity for the boys employed in the printing office to master the trade in a more advanced branch than taught at present. He made these remarks merely to know my opinion on the matter, and as I said nothing against it, he will probably be heard from on these matters when he "gets there." He is a young man, a fluent speaker, and upright and honorable in his intentions, and the interests of the Institution will receive his heartiest support and well wishes. He is an uncle of Miss Missouri Leonard, a graduate of the Ohio Institute, and his name is W. C. Hudson. At his request, I gave him some back numbers of the *JOURNAL* to take home with him, to be put to some use which he did not state.

"Stella's" remarks were not blunt at all, as far as I am concerned, but, however, I do not call ours a *peculiar* language. The deaf-mutes should know that it does not become them any more to indulge in wild and superfluous gestures than it does the hearing people to talk with their mouths full of food. I presume "Stella" (by the way, a pretty name) has a well defined face, as she is not likely to have made any awful contortions with it to emphasize what she may have said, except, perhaps, now and then a little pout, a weakness which the ladies can't get rid of.

It appears that "M." foreseeing that I would be glad and rejoice to see a report of the Gallaudet Fund from Ohio, and wishing it understood that he did not send the report to satisfy my whim, came out in the shape of a humorous papa to modesty Patterson, and called me a croaker for wanting the report published and for other pretty things. I may have said in connection with the Fund, but he only succeeded in bringing out a mass of inconsistencies, as being glad to send the report for publication, and then call me a croaker for wishing such a thing done. What a jewel! Old boy, that won't do. The Fund being a thing in which every deaf-mute in this country is expected to be interested, I presume I have as much right as you "few trusted friends" to suggest what should be done. My main subject, my dear sir, was to urge more active work among the deaf-mutes—a thing which I repeat has been sadly neglected. Do you not agree with me that it is in the eternal fitness of things that the deaf-mutes should subscribe more liberally than

the parents and friends of the pupils? The showing of individual subscriptions among the deaf-mutes of Ohio is not very complimentary to them, since they are over 2750 in number, and they should have done more than they have. But I repeat that there had not been much pains taken to solicit from them. If I am a croaker for having this opinion, why, you are another for having an opinion just the opposite? As to my doing nothing for the fund, I have done as much as you have by cash, if you have donated anything over a dollar. I am glad, however, truly glad, that Ohio has reached the mark she should, and I accord to Mr. Patterson, with the best of grace, his just dues for the work he has done so far, but I would be more satisfied had the deaf-mutes of Ohio made a better showing for themselves, and that's all.

Now, as to the Ohio Institute, I am compelled to believe, much against my will, that prejudice and pig-headedness run rampant through the veins of the Superintendent, Mr. Pratt. It had been hard to believe that such a thing existed in him, as I classed it among the impossible and preposterous to accuse him of being guilty of what he, above all, should be innocent, as being the head of the Institution he is expected to understand the deaf-mutes and have confidence in their ability to successfully compete with their hearing brethren for positions in shops, offices, etc., in the land—the land where deaf-mute education is said to be the most successful—and should be proud of their successful achievements and demonstrate by word and deed that they are capable of performing their favorite tasks with credit to themselves. But he seems to be guilty. "L." says so. "G. H." says so. "Robin Hood" says so. Not being acquainted with him much, I cannot contradict their statements. The naked truth must be known to every deaf-mute in Ohio, and some decided measure taken. If Mr. Pratt does not believe in the ability of deaf-mutes to do their tasks well, it must be he knows mighty little of them and their ability, or in plainer words, is blinded by prejudice and cannot see them in their true light, and, as reason goes, cannot exert himself much in their elevation, and, therefore, should succumb to the popular demand of Justice, and give up the ghost, and go to fields of labor other than that of being Superintendent of an Institution, which position he insults by his prejudices. If he is not guilty, let some one who knows say so; or, would Mr. Pratt not like to explain his position in the columns of the *JOURNAL* if the charges are false? [The space is at his disposal.—ED. *JOURNAL*.]

S. S.

A Trip to Bangor and West Henniker, N. H.

WHOM AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

Saturday morning, August 27th, at quarter before eight o'clock, I left Gray on the fast train, for Bangor, which is one hundred and twenty miles distant. On the way I did not meet any mute friends until Mr. and Mrs. Kane got in at Auburn. We reached Bangor at noon, and went directly to the hotel.

The first meeting of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission was called to order at three o'clock, President Brown in the chair. The result of the election of officers has been previously announced in the *JOURNAL*.

Visitors from other states were Mrs. Samuel Rowe, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Geo. Wing, Mrs. Frisbee, and Miss Green, Assistant Matron of the American Asylum.

Joshua Brackett and Augustine Haley, both of Maine, attended the convention for the first time. An account of the Sunday service has been published, so I need not repeat it.

There had been much better, if there had been a good interpreter instead of a little girl.

A teacher from some Institution would have rendered the signs more distinctly and given better satisfaction to the audience. I noticed many mutes balking with each other in the pews. It ought not to happen so again.

Miss Myra Alden, who is well known to many readers of the *JOURNAL*, attended the meeting Sunday. During the last two years she has become totally blind. It is very sad, as she is such a bright, interesting lady. Her mind being naturally very active makes her blindness seen all the worse. A few years ago, we often had the pleasure of reading her letters in the *JOURNAL*.

Monday forenoon, all the mutes departed for their various homes.

I had the pleasure of bidding them "Good Bye," while I remained another day to accept the invitation of my nephew to spend with him the remaining time which my ticket allowed.

We took a long drive in the afternoon to see the many places of interest. Bangor is beautifully situated on the banks of the Penobscot River, once the home of the Indians by that name. On the hill overlooking the business part of the city are many fine residences.

Maple Wood Park contains the grounds and buildings of the Eastern Maine Agricultural Association. The city farm consists of about three hundred acres, in a high state of cultivation. Cuts about three hundred tons of hay annually.

We next came to a large dairy farm owned by Mr. Smith. There was a herd of eighty or one hundred cows grazing in the pastures. It was a splendid sight. They supply the city with milk. The farm contains about

five hundred acres of nice grass land, which is free from stones. It requires almost an army of servants to do the work. There were many objects of interest which I would like to mention, but cannot. The principal business is the lumber trade. There is a dam on the upper river which helps to roll down an immense number of logs to the mills below. Many men have made their fortunes there, and count their money by millions.

Bangor is, next to Chicago, the largest lumber market in the world. Its streets are lined with beautiful trees, and it finds an appropriate name in the "Queen of the East."

In the afternoon, I met Mr. John Emerson, of Howland, Me. He was unable to attend the meeting, but came in Monday hoping to meet with mutes. He is seventy three years old, left Hartford fifty years ago. He remembers Rev. Mr. Gallaudet well. For some time, he was a private pupil of Mr. Weld's, as there was no class far enough advanced for him. He never married; lives with his sister. He is a great florist and seedsman, and has built up a large business. He is a great reader, and converses entirely by writing. He was the first to respond to the call for funds to build the Gallaudet monument, and promptly sent a twenty-dollar bill to head the subscription. He has also forwarded twenty dollars for the Jubilee. He takes much interest in the statue, and has expressed the wish that the design might be that of Gallaudet teaching little Alice Cogswell to make the letter "a." I have not seen him for forty years, he found me much changed from the short, fat boy that he remembered as his schoolmate.

I reached home Tuesday noon, and Friday night, turning my eyes westward, I started for West Henniker, N. H., to attend the Granite State Convention, taking the steamer at Portland for Boston. The sea was as smooth as a milk pan, and the boat was crowded with homeward bound passengers returning from the watering places and mountains of Maine. Arriving in Boston at four a.m., I went directly to the Lowell depot. There was no train for Henniker until ten o'clock. While waiting there, my old schoolmate, Rev. Job Turner, came in, followed by Mr. Wilkinson, of Fall River.

The express train soon reached Concord, where we changed cars. There we met many others bound for the same destination. We made a jolly party, and many good jokes were passed around.

When we arrived at Henniker, President White was in waiting to see that all were cared for.

The ladies rode to the hotel, and as it was only a half mile, the gentlemen walked.

On the way, we passed the cemetery where lie the remains of him whom we delight to honor, the venerable Thomas Brown. Rev. Job Turner, Mr. Wilkinson and myself, took the opportunity to visit the grave of our departed friend, and gathered around it with uncovered heads.

There we went to the hotel, where we were very hospitably entertained. Henniker is a pretty village, nestled among the mountains. It is the birthplace of Mr. Brown, and where he lived all his life. He was the pioneer of deaf-mute conventions and the founder of the New England Gallaudet Association.

It was his idea to hold meetings over the Sabbath that all might have the privilege, at least, once in a while, of hearing the gospel preached. I think the New Hampshire Convention surpassed the Maine meeting in some respects. Its quietness was not disturbed by any drunkenness, which I am sorry to say some mutes indulge in while attending the meetings in Maine. It was the most orderly gathering I ever saw.

I was glad to meet my old friend, Prof. Chamberlain, I had not seen for several years. It is some time since I last met Prof. T. L. Brown.

I enjoyed much meeting my old friend, Almos Smith.

The church was very tastefully arranged with flowers.

A natural picture of Mr. Brown hung in front of the pulpit, and was draped in mourning.

The memorial services were very solemn and interesting.

The church was crowded, many who lived at a distance came to pay their tribute of respect to one whom they had honored and cherished as a citizen and friend.

In the afternoon, through the kindness of Mr. Smith, those who had never visited Mr. Brown's home were taken there. It is about three miles from the hotel, up the mountain side. Mr. Smith's noble horses easily carried the party, consisting of nine persons.

The farm is quite hilly, yet we could see the effects of patient, hard work in the well-kept home and its surroundings. We were taken into the house, and shown the room where Mr. Brown died.

Truly, he was one of Nature's noble men, and he has gone to his grave full of years and honor.

The evening meeting was crowded, as it was known that Prof. Chamberlain was to deliver Mr. Brown's eulogy.

Monday morning found us all leaving for home.

I reached home safely, much pleased with my trip.

The time is drawing near for the Jubilee.

I am very sanguine of success. Glad to see new names with encouraging figures by their side.

Hiram P. Hunt.

Gray, Maine, Oct. 8, '87.

COLUMBUS.

A WEDDING, A DEATH, A PARTY, AND A BASE BALL GAME—A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING, BUT NOT MUCH OF ANYTHING.

Last Tuesday evening, the Institution Library was the scene of a wedding. The contracting parties were Mr. Milton Gibson, of Knowlton, Guernsey County, O., and Miss Caroline Derrick, of this city. Although the ceremony took place in this city, and at the Institution, it was a sort of runaway match, for it was kept secret from the bride's parents until all was over, as they were opposed to their daughter marrying at all from mercenary motives. Indeed, hardly any one knew of the step she was about to take until a few hours before the appointed time. Nevertheless, such news flies fast, and eight o'clock found the Library Room comfortably filled by about fifty persons, who were eager to see how it was done. Rev. Benjamin Talbot tied the knot with neatness and dispatch. After the ceremony was over, the happy couple received the congratulations of those present. They left for their future home in Knowlton on Thursday, with the best wishes of their many friends. Mr. Gibson is a well-to-do shoemaker, who has a shop of his own and a good patronage. Mrs. Gibson has been for several years employed in the State Binery here.

News received from Marion, O., announces the death of Mary E. Ryn. She was for some years employed in the State Binery. She was one of the best employees it ever had, and attained marvelous rapidity in her work. She was very industrious and economical and out of her savings built the house in which her parents now reside. She left here last May, after several hemorrhages of the lungs, which reduced her so much that she was unable to continue her work. It was hoped that she would recover, and that she would be able to resume her place here again, but she is at rest. Peace to her ashes.

Edward Dundon, of the Syracuse, N. Y., team, has returned to his home here for the winter. He sports that pin which the mutes of Syracuse gave him, and takes great pride in it. He speaks well of the New York mutes and says that they are the best crowd he ever ran against. He has been reserved by the Syracuse Club, and is anxious to go back there next season, but it is probable he will not return alone, he will, no doubt, be accompanied by a blushing bride, one of Cincinnati's best girls. He does not propose to idle away his time during the winter, but will go to work in the State Binery next week, thus laying up a few pennies for the proverbial rainy day. Edward has a long head as well as a long arm.

There was a little party at Prof. Atwood's house on Oak Street last Thursday evening. It was a quilting party. They assembled for business. The motto was Business before pleasure, but, meanwhile, the Prof's ice-cream freezer was doing its perfect work, and when the business which brought them together was finished, it was opened and its delectable contents consumed, much to the enjoyment of those present. Yes, verily, labor hath its reward. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Scott, Mrs. J. D. H. Stewart, Miss Cassie Smith, Miss Carrie Feasley. Mrs. W. H. Williams, wife of ex-steward Williams, and three or four of the binery girls who are boarding with the Prof.

Both sides of the Independent B. C. met their old opponents, the Capital University Club, again yesterday—the first nine on the University grounds, and the second nine on the home grounds, at the Institution. The game of the first nine was the third and decisive game, each nine having won one game. This fact and the importance of the victory in the last game, made it very exciting, and called forth the best efforts on both sides. Our boys struggled nobly, but they were defeated, the score being 8 to 7 against them. As if to make up for this, the second nine put in their besticks and came off victorious to the tune of 21 to 15. Master Iskin pitched a splendid game, and he was ably supported behind the bat by Master "Stonewall" Price. Each side has won one game in this series. The last and deciding game will be played off next Saturday on the University grounds.

There are 185 boys and 165 girls present at this date—total, 350.

Mr. August Schanler has been appointed foreman of the prospective Tailor Shop, which will be opened soon in one of the rooms of the "A" floor of the School building. Mr. S. is a resident of this city.

M.

COLUMBUS, O., October 9, 1887.

A Deer Which Weighs Over Two Hundred Pounds.

Mr. J. D. Nichols of the Troy Laundry, with J. C. Baker and J. C. Brown, all deaf mutes, have been on a hunting expedition in the wilds of Maine. They hunted at Eagle Lake in Green county. Mr. Nichols arrived home this morning, bringing with him the carcass of a deer weighing two hundred and fifty-seven pounds. He will have the head stuffed and place it on exhibition. He will divide the venison with his friends. This is a good time to make friends with Sam—Lynn, Mass., Bee.

FOUND SOCIABLE.

A Pound Social at the rooms of the Brooklyn Society, No. 138 Grand Street (Tuttle Hall), will be held on Wednesday evening, October 19th, 1887. Admission free. The society has spent three dollars for packages, which will be sold.

ALEX. DEZENDORE.

37-4in

Open Letter to Prof. Fay.

PHILADELPHIA, October 8, 1887.

PROF. E. A. FAY, Editor *American Annals of the Deaf*:

DEAR SIR:—Your criticism, in this month's issue of the *Annals*, of my paper on the Inter-marriage of the Deaf, has been placed before me. It is impossible for me, or my friends who have read your comments, to give you credit for calm, unbiased consideration of my argument, seeing that you have wholly omitted to speak a word in commendation of my efforts, while in your consideration, you have spared no pains to place in as comprising light as possible, statements that are capable of a much fairer interpretation.

After making all due allowance for natural irritation at the statements I have made, owing to your close friendship and otherwise intimate relations with persons who have married the deaf, I still find much to complain of in your treatment of myself and the theory I advocate.

Mr. Job Williams, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf, finds much to commend, so he says, in my argument, while he has not a word in condemnation. You cannot fail to note here, then, that to permit your criticism to go unchallenged would be to proclaim nothing less than a paradox. Lest you may fear partiality in my favor on the part of Mr. Williams, (I can by no possibility account for it, if there is any) I subjoin an extract from a letter received from a young deaf woman this very day, within a few hours previous to the receipt of the *Annals*. This young woman possesses the advantage of a high social position, and is in all respects qualified to mingle quite freely with hearing people. Moreover, she is, as yet, quite free from all desire to meet and mingle with deaf people; in fact, I am the only deaf person she is acquainted with, although she can now, if she so desires it, become acquainted with scores of people similarly situated as herself.

Setting aside the very flattering allusion given of the quality of the literary part, I would like to call your attention to the kind manner in which she and her friends have criticised my work. In their own words, they call it a "sensible and fair argument," but let me quote verbatim: "I have just finished reading a criticism passed on your book by a friend of mine, who is quite a brilliant writer, at least I think so. She says: 'I am exceedingly pleased with it, it is logical, reasonable, truthful and intellectual, and the theory seems to me to be sensible and fair.' The writer, I should say, was both intellectual and scholarly, and as much heart as head." Now, how does this fit in with the view you have taken of the matter? It is clear that my young deaf correspondent and her friend do not feel that I have insulted deaf women in portraying the omnipotence of the power of sympathy, and showing how hard, aye how impossible it is to sustain the bond of an unsympathetic life, when *mayhap* a more ideal existence offers. I am not speaking of the individual deaf woman, I only write of the frailty of the human heart. The question of virtue (which you seem to have laid great stress upon) is not at issue at all. Some women have been compelled by a strong love and sympathy to part from husbands, who have been ever faithful and true to them, yet no one questions the virtue that was in these women, they simply lacked stoicism to suffer, they did not lack virtue.

Ask ninety-nine deaf-mutes out of every hundred to give you the reason for their choice of deaf-mute partners in marriage, and you will find the answer to be about the same in every instance, to wit: they placed more faith, and felt more secure in their wives' affection, than they would be if the wives could hear. Now what does this indicate? Does it not show fear that some hearing men may succeed in alienating their wives' love from them? If so, then the logical deduction would be, that precisely the same condition would hold in the case of a deaf-mute woman married to a hearing man. So much for your stricture, that I have insulted deaf women.

In regards to your suspicion that I have willfully misinterpreted Professor Bell, I have to say that the insinuation is unworthy of you, unworthy of the editor of the *Annals*.

The qualifying clause in Dr. Bell's Memoir upon the Formation of a Deaf Variety of the Human Race, (Note that word *Variety* in the title, and candidly tell me if you do not think that even that one word indicates the scope and the purpose of the man—all surface—more question of breed, a scientific hobby—icy, cold and unsympathetic), you speak of, only relates to a general law, embracing all deaf-mutes in its section, a measure which he (Dr. Bell), after due consideration deems to be impossible to carry out. He, however, and there I quote him correctly, says:—"Legislation forbidding the intermarriage of persons belonging to families, containing more than one deaf-mute would be more practicable." (See p. 40 Memoir and note quotation in my paper p. 38.)

This suggestion of Professor Bell's, remains as printed. There is nothing following that in any way qualified. It is this particular prohibiting clause in Prof. Bell's paper that has excited my indignation, and I took pains to give it precisely in his own words.

Another quotation which you have called my attention to is:—" * * * In other words, Prof. Bell would ask Society to do what he, as an individual, certainly would not do, (allow a son or daughter of his to marry a deaf-mute)."

I but simply stated a fact, to have done otherwise, would be to make out Dr. Bell to be inconsistent, which I was not bound to do with his argument before me. By the simple act of thus refusing to accuse him of inconsistency in the first place, I succeed finally in showing his true inconsistency.

Another assertion, which in your view, seems to lend additional force to your suspicions that I am not entering upon the discussion in a spirit of candor and fairness is:—"With the advance of education, and a larger field to choose from, even the non-congenital deaf-mute will decline to form a union with a congenital deaf-mute. This deviation is even now being manifested to a marked degree."

I fail to see anything objectionable in that statement. It certainly indicates a higher standard of life for a non-congenital deaf-mute to avoid congenital deaf-mutes for partners in marriage.

Isn't that Prof. Bell's Theory? Does he not desire improvement in the race? Why was the quotation brought out so prominently, I am asked? I do not know, unless it be to convey a suspicion that I was merely stating the matter at hap hazard. Just the contrary is the case. The fact is, I put the question to any number of non-congenital deaf people as to whether they would or could marry a person born deaf. The answer in every case was in the negative, and so sharp and decided as to leave no room for doubt as to the force of the feeling.

The next of the several damaging (?) assertions you have hurled at me is:—"The majority for hearing persons, who marry the deaf, are led to the connection by selfish motives, presumably the acquiring of property. Where this predisposition to the acquisition of property has not existed, then other motives have ruled, such as a greater or less timidity or effeminacy on the part of the one who hears (if it be a man), and age, widowhood or the blight of divorce (if it be a woman)." Now any man of the world will tell you that the statements therein made are admissible, since these conditions have existed. As *actu ad posse* valet consequenti (a thing that has happened once it is but just to infer that such a thing may happen again).

In your next thrust, (quoting from me), "As a matter of fact only those people who by great success in vocalism and lip-reading can hope for a continuation of their happy marital relations with hearing partners; the animus is not quite clear unless it be that in leaving the accompanying clause:—"But even here the element of risk attends such unions * * * * *"

The sentence is made to read, that I considered myself by reason of some success in lip-reading, and ease of speech, to be qualified to enter into married life with a hearing woman, a distinction to bring out in bolder relief the disabilities of deaf-mutes, and to enhance my own superiority—in other words, I am made out to be insufferably conceited.

The fifth and sixth quotations thrown back at me, I need not comment upon, other than to say that as to the first you have held back the accompanying qualifying lines, to wit:—"Benevolence has captured some of these dowerless deaf-mute girls," and as to the second, I am but repeating the voice of scores of people who hold the same view as I do.

And now, finally, I desire to say to you, it surely is not the best way to open my mind to conviction in any errors I may have committed by roughly characterizing my efforts as false and slanderous. You have failed to convince me of the wisdom of your position; you certainly have failed to take me at my true intent. One word more, and I am done. Of Professor Bell, I have freely accorded him the best of motives in this controversy, as he looks at it. I am not bound to receive kindly his "ill-judged" attempts upon the liberty of a class of people of whom it is my misfortune to be identified with. And, lastly, I will never forget that he has insulted every deaf-mute whom God willed should have a deaf-mute father and mother.

"Legislation prohibiting the intermarriage of deaf-mutes having more than one deaf-mute relative would be more practicable." I regret that I did not give the above sentence of Prof. Bell's the prominence I had intended. I shall put it in italics in the complete work.

I shall furnish the publications published in the interest of the deaf with a copy of this.

Respectfully Yours,

H. P. ARMS.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Appointments.

Saturday, October 15, 7.30 A.M., Lecture, Troy. Sunday, October 16, 9.30 A.M., Holy Communion, St. Paul's Chapel, Troy. 3 P.M., Holy Communion, St. Paul's Church, Albany. Monday, October 17, 7 P.M., Lecture, Albany. Sunday, October 23, Home for Deaf-Mutes.

Services for deaf-mutes on Sunday, October 16, at 11 A.M., in St. Andrew's Chapel, Harlem, and at 3 P.M., in Calvary Church, Williamsburg. Also as usual, at 2.45 P.M., in St. Ann's, N. Y.

Notice.

Dr. Peet is expected to preach in St. Ann's Church at the 2.45 P.M., service for deaf-mutes on Sunday, October 16th; and Prof. Currier, on

FANWOOD.

The Silertia Reserves Score a Neat Victory.

THE PEET LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works—Institution Peeps.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

A well-contested game, last Saturday, was played between the Silertia Reserves, of our Institution, and their opponents, the Pastimes, of Mahattan College, on the grounds of the latter, and our nine vanquished them by a score of 13 to 3. The game was interesting and exciting until the eighth inning, when the Silertia Reserves batted the twirler of the college nine all over the field. Owing to their defeat, they could not gauge Gately's delivery, and, in fact, he struck out fifteen men—a remarkable record. He was splendidly supported by Quigg, whose throwing to bases was accurate. Brockman's play at second base was also good. The score stood:

Pastimes	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Silertia Reserves	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	

The first meeting of the Peet Literary Society for the year was held last Friday evening. The meeting was for the purpose of electing new officers for the ensuing year. Owing to the withdrawal of a number of its active members, the society is reduced to five members. Chas. T. Thompson was elected President; F. W. Baars, Secretary, and T. E. Carman, Librarian. The members decided to keep up the organization, notwithstanding the fewness of their number. Messrs. U. G. Dunn and J. H. Geary were the only honorary members present at the meeting. The active members are Messrs. Thompson, Baars, Carman, McConnell and Grant.

We are sorry to say that the Society has lost a great deal of its old time spirit. We admire the pluck of the few who strive to uphold its dignity. As members of the advanced class, they should consider it their duty to support anything which tends to elevate their morals. It is indeed bad policy to withdraw from a society with so good a purpose as it was designed for, as a division in their ranks will only cause animosity.

Last Saturday evening, Mrs. Jarley and her wax "figgers" were introduced to an appreciative audience in the girls' sitting-room. There were Adeline Patti, Mary Anderson, Jack Spratt and wife, Ajax, a tramp and girl, Little Miss Muffet, Queen Victoria, Pocahontas, Mary Jane Holmes, Ophelia, and the woman who suggested Hood's "Song of the Shirt," all nicely executed in living "wax." The Sleeping Beauty and her Prince, in a tableau, concluded the entertainment. Five cents admission was charged, the proceeds being shared between the Ida Montgomery Circle, under whose auspices the entertainment was given, and the money box for the Gallaudet Home of which Miss Lewis has charge. Further particulars are not forthcoming, as there is talk of repeating the entertainment at some future date, to help along the Peet Memorial if the authorities agree to it.

It must be added that the girls are very modest, and for this reason they intended it should be an "Adams Ede," but it was so successful that next time they will not refuse admittance to gentlemen. "Aquila" entered, however, during the progress of the play, but wisely eluded the door at a safe distance. The matter was kept a secret from the "horrid boys," as they are "awful" suspicious of ladders being placed against the building and countless eyes peering in through the windows.

INSTITUTION BRIEFS.

Mrs. Murphy, mother of Mrs. Collins, of Troy, N. Y., visited Fanwood on Wednesday, October 5th. She then went to Passaic, N. J., to visit Miss Post.

Mr. George P. Ogilvie is the name of our new night-watchman. He was employed in the editorial room of the New York Times before he came here.

Mrs. Roberts, of Harlem, and Mrs. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., made a pleasant call on Miss Prudence Lewis on Thursday last.

Supervisor Dunn and John F. Lyons were hunting for game in Yonkers, N. Y., last Saturday, but were interfered with by the game laws.

Ira W. Tyler saw "Lagadere" at Niblo's Garden, last Saturday.

William McVea and Peter Mitchell obtained permission to go to the city, for the purpose of taking their last look on the face of Alderman James Corcoran, whose death occurred last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Stryker entertained a number of their deaf-mute friends at their cosy rooms in Harlem, last week.

F. Honck, a member of the High Class and secretary of the Fanwood Literary Association, has mysteriously disappeared to parts unknown. The general impression is that he ran away.

Mr. Chittenden, editor of the New York Herald, and an old college friend of William H. Bishop, instructor of the High Class, went through the educational and administrative depart-

ments on the morning of last Friday. Addresses of welcome were written by the more advanced pupils. He was astonished as well as pleased at their ability in school and at work. The crew of the "Ariel" cordially invited him to ride in their boat, which he saw they could handle with the skill of a mariner.

All the pupils had their eyes examined by Dr. Riley, the oculist engaged by the institution, last Tuesday.

WILLIAM E. CRAMER.

THE BLIND AND DEAF EDITOR.

(From the Journalist.)

It was an early in the past Summer that William F. Cramer celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his editorship of the Evening Wisconsin, of which newspaper he is also senior proprietor. This venerable man is the most remarkable man in the West. He is totally blind, and as near totally deaf as any one can well be, and yet he is one of the smartest, shrewdest, most industrious and best posted newspaper men in the country. He works as hard, reads and writes as much, and keeps closer office hours, in all probability, than any other newspaper man in the city. Of course it is necessary for him to dictate all of his editorial work to an audiophone, and in this way he manages to do as much work as most men who possess all of their senses. For fully forty years the blind editor has presided over the editorial columns of his paper, furnishing several columns of matter every day during this long and eventful period.

The figure of this cheerful, chatty, blind man, is familiar to every man, woman or child in this section. He daily takes walks around the city and, strange as it may seem, can find his way about as readily as any one possessing full eyesight. He can go alone to any particular spot or house in the city without the least trouble. Of late he is generally accompanied by a small boy, who walks by his side merely as a precaution of safety and to please his family and friends. A guide is in no sense necessary. He trots along without the use of a cane, and a stranger would never imagine that his handsome gray eyes were sightless. He lost his sight many years ago by excessive work in and out of season. His deafness is due to an accident that occurred when he was a boy. He was coasting on a New England hill one cold day in his youth, when his sled plunged through the ice and landed him in a frozen river. He was rescued more dead than alive, and though finally resuscitated, the experience lost him his sense of hearing. He is seventy years of age, as hale as hearty as many a man of thirty-five—with the exception, of course, of the afflictions noted—has made a handsome fortune, and is one of the solid men of the Cream city. A half century ago Mr. Cramer was a New York journalist, a member of that brilliant group that had for its central figure the late Thurlow Weed, who was a warm friend and great admirer of the young man who was then preparing to invade the far Northwest to seek his fortune. Horace Greeley and Raymond, of the Old Times, were also intimates of Mr. Cramer, and the tells many interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of them and of other of the old time journalists who have long since passed over to "the silent city."

The range of this man's information is something to be wondered at. He is a regular perambulating encyclopedia, and he can answer almost any question relating to the political or other important events of the past century, at a moment's notice. The memory of "Uncle Bill," as nearly all Milwaukeeans call him, is something marvelous. When a fact is caught by the complicated machinery of his brain it is held where the impalpable dust of ages cannot reach it. His library is large and well selected. Among other rare things it is said to contain every printed record of the proceedings of Congress. The contents of the Congressional Record, from Volume 1 to the last issue, are at his tongue's end, and he can tell the date, page or paragraph of any important event that has been chronicled in this cheerful and breezy publication since it was first started. His infirmities have, if anything, sharpened or quickened his naturally bright intellect, and he is today one of the remarkable journalists of this country. A blind and deaf man at the head of a big newspaper is a journalistic novelty indeed. All of the leading papers of the country are systematically read to Mr. Cramer every day by his secretary. The range of his information extends to the remotest corner of the telegraphic page of the latest issues of the metropolitan dailies.

Mr. Cramer was born at Watford, Saratoga County, N. Y., October 17, 1817. He was graduated at Union College, and there studied law. He began his first newspaper work on the old Albany (N. Y.) Argus in 1843. In 1847 he came to Milwaukee, and purchased the paper which he has continuously edited ever since. He has seen his adopted city grow from a straggling town, with a few thousand inhabitants, to the important place it now occupies among the leading cities of the country. In his time he has seen the newspapers change from the laborious old Washington and Franklin hand presses to the marvelous machines that can now grind out papers at the rate of a thousand copies a minute.

Mr. Cramer's career has not been without thrilling and memorable incidents. He was in Europe during the Franco-Prussian war and was caught in Paris during its memorial siege. He lived on mule meat and suffered many hardships until the capitulation of the city. When the famous old hotel, the ill-fated Newhall house, was erected in this city about thirty years ago, Mr. Cramer was the first regular boarder. He continued to live at this house until its destruction by fire on that terrible morning of Jan. 10, 1884, when one hundred people were roasted to death by the catastrophe. Mr. Cramer was one of the last to leave the house, and he escaped more dead than alive. His apartments were entirely surrounded by flames when he was aroused. With his wife, he attempted to find his way out of the roaring furnace. Both were in their night clothes, which were nearly burned off of them. The marble tiling in the halls was so hot that the flesh was fairly roasted on their feet as they passed over them. They groped around until they were finally rescued, both in a fainting condition and so horribly burned that it was feared for a long time neither could recover. The great building collapsed a moment after they were out. After a long siege both recovered, but their escape was next to miraculous. By this terrible fire the works of art, a fine private library and the odds and ends which had been collected during Mr. Cramer's busy life, were entirely destroyed, together with many valuables of various kinds and all of Mrs. Cramer's valuable diamonds.

SOUTHERN KANSAS.

PROF. G. W. CHASE, EDITOR OF THE "REGISTER"—DOTS AND DASHES—NEODESHA NUGGETS.

Items are not as plentiful as grass this week in Southern Kansas.

Many friends of Prof. G. W. Chase, may be taken by surprise on hearing that he now edits the Register. That is one of the most interesting local papers in the Western States.

A surprise party was held at the residence of Mrs. G. W. Chase in Olathe, last week, enjoying conversation. The following persons were present: Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Misses Franklin and Owen, who are connected with the Olathe Asylum; Messrs. Reed and Long, and Mrs. H. Phillips. Mr. Reed has accepted the position of teacher vice Mr. Murphy, who declined. They reported a pleasant time was had.

There are about one hundred and eighty-five pupils (no wonder) in the Olathe School. There were upward of two hundred pupils during the time of Prof. H. A. Turtan's superintendency.

The report is current that Miss Kate Scallon, an articulation teacher of the Olathe School, will be joined in holy wedlock bands before long.

Mr. Ansel Williams, the Olathe School graduate, of Cato, is hoping to make a call on the inmates of that school in November.

Miss Minnie Stuckler, of Chicago, Ill., who is indisposed, has about abandoned the idea of going to the Jacksonville Institution. I am told she was formerly connected with the Olathe School.

We have learned with much gladness that Miss Alma Moore is engaged in the pursuits of learning at the Columbus Institution; also Mr. Edward Melvin, who was lately in the Fourth Grammar Class there, was promoted to the First Grammar Class last week. They are learning as fast as lightning, and the writer is always proud of them. They were his classmates at the Olathe School.

Mr. Clayton Candry, of Cherryville, is taking charge of the hardware store, during of his father's absence in Litchfield, Ill.

Some mutes of Kansas City, Mo., are forming a design about going out West this fall, to secure claims and fix up their old fashioned "god-houses" at first—but they may become wealthy in the end.

Mr. W. S. Waters, educated in the Olathe Institution, is engaged upon the Brookville paper, and has been steady in his work for almost four years past. He has a hopeful outlook.

Mr. George Lemley, once a pupil of the Columbus Institution, labors upon a farm with his brother, adjoining Radical City.

It is understood that Miss Canzada Hart, of Grafton, formerly a pupil of the Olathe School, will enter into matrimony this year.

Laura Clark, of Elk City, an Olathe School graduate, is declining in health—some say she has consumption.

On Mr. Geo. W. Patton's return homeward, his writing was left at the boarding house of Mr. Hall, whither it has been detected, so we pursued it with a great deal of interest. It is on the subject of the "Indians," and says "Have they more cause to complain of the whites than the negroes?"

We would wish any dexterous mute shoemaker and harness-maker to set up in trade at this place, as they could make a large profit here.

A multitude of persons thronged to see the G. A. R. soldiers of the Western States, on the Franseoir R. R., on their way to the encampment at St. Louis, Mo. There is a large attendance.

The "Daisy," of Oswego, anticipates the pleasure of a visit to Neodesha friends this fall. They will bid her welcome.

The scribe promises a visit some time this week to his mute friends in Cherryville.

HATCHER.

October 2, '87.

THIRD SEASON.

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.



[CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTE S. S. ASSOCIATION.]

AT

City Assembly Rooms.

Washington St. Junction of
Fulton & Court Sts. and
Myrtle Ave.,

—ON—

Thanksgiving Eve.

Wednesday, November 23, 1887.

(Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.)

TICKETS, 50 Cents.

(Admitting gentleman and ladies.)

Committee of Arrangements:

JAMES F. O'NEIL, Chairman,

J. F. DONNELLY, J. P. MAHONEY.

Station M, New York City.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal,

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The undersigned, offers for sale to

DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS,

a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET,

executed by H. P. Arms, a skillful

deaf-mute lithographer of Philadelphia,

in whose interest he has consented to

act.

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL.

which the graduates of the New York

Institution have so much at heart,

will be directly bene-

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each copy, will go directly into the

Treasury of this fund. The picture

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